

PERSIUS SCARAMOUCHE:
OR, A
CRITICAL and MORAL
SATIRE
ON THE
ORATORS, SCRIBBLERS, and
VICES of the present Times.

IN IMITATION of the
First Satire of *PERSIUS*.

By Way of
DIALOGUE betwixt the said Mr. *D'Anvers*,
and Mr. Orator *Henley* of *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

By GRIFFITH MORGAN D'ANVERS, M. A.
formerly of *Jesús-College* in *Oxford*.

———*Unde hæc sartago loquendi*
Venerit in linguas ——— Perf. Sat. I.

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THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE

JANUARY 18, 1891

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE

AT ITS SESSION ON JANUARY 11, 1890

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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
William Pulteney, Esq;
Member of Parliament.

HONOURED SIR,

I SHALL not, according to Custom, entertain you with a long and tedious Panegyrick upon your great and distinguish'd Virtues and Abilities, which are so well known already, and indeed shine with so glaring a Lustre, that 'tis no more in my Power to brighten and set them off, than 'tis in the Power of a blasphemous and ministerial Crew of profligate Scriblers to darken or deface them.

One Motive that induced me to write the following Poem, is set forth in the beginning of it; but then I must add, that I have been so pester'd with the Books, Pamphlets and Papers of Infidels, and other Wretches, by some of the 'Squires in my Neighbourhood that want Places, that I had all the Reason in the World to say with *Juvenal*,

Semper ego auditor tantum nunquamne reponam ?

I think therefore, that I have no Pardon to beg of the Readers for writing it; but my presuming to dedicate it to a Gentleman of Mr. *Pulteney's* fine and exact Taste,
solid

solid Judgment, and incomparable Parts and Learning, stands in need of some Apology ; but as an equal Degree of Candor always accompanies those rare and excellent Accomplishments, so I hope, Sir, you will easily be prevail'd on to excuse whatsoever may be fairly imputed to a recluse Life, and a narrow Fortune.

For want of a new Set of Principles, or being Courtier enough to be of none, I have been confin'd a great many Years to a small Living ; and if the Classicks, and other Books of polite Literature, are not so often cleans'd from the Dust and Cobwebs of my Study, as they should be, I hope I shall be entitled to the common Plea of

*Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.*

I had not however half so much Ambition to be thought a Poet or a Scholar, as to shew my self a Man of a true old *British* Spirit and Integrity, and to give some of those contemptible Creatures abovementioned a little present and gentle Chastisement. Nor is this all they are to expect, for I am well assured, that their Characters will be transmitted to Posterity with all the Infamy they deserve, by a Person of as great a Genius as this, or perhaps any other Age hath produc'd. I desire to have the Honour of being esteem'd,

S I R,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

MORGAN GRIFFITH D'ANVERS.

PROLOGUS

Nec solum labra prolus Caballina
Nec in discipuli somnasse Parvas
Alumni, ut repente se Poeta prodirent.
Heliomidasque, pallidusque Pyrenus
Illi remitto, quorum imagines lambunt
Hecere seductes : ipse semipaganus
Ad sacra carum carmen affert nostrum :
Quis expedit hic phidico summi Xoris ?
Piscusque daret verba nostra conari ?
Magister Atis, ingenuus largitor
Noster, negatus artem sepius coces.
Quis se dolus ipse resistit minui,
Corcor Poetas, & Potridas pias
Cantare cecidit : & gressibus melos.

PROLOGUS.

NEC fonte labra prolui Caballino :
 Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnassō
 Memini, ut repente sic Poeta prodirem.
 Heliconidasque, pallidumque Pirenen
 Illis remitto, quorum imagines lambunt
 Hederæ sequaces : ipse semipaganus
 Ad sacra vatū carmen affero nostrum :
 Quis expedit psittaco suū χαῖρε ?
 Picasque docuit verba nostra conari ?

Magister Artis, ingenique largitor
 Venter, negatas artifex sequi voces.

Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
 Corvos Poetas, & Poetridas picas
 Cantare credas Pegaseium melos.

PERSIUS

PROLOGUE

I Never din'd with *Dennis* or with *Pope*;
 Nor have I had the Vanity to hope
 Before Sir *R---t*, or the King, to shine;
 Or kiss the Royal Hand of *Caroline*;
 But fail as often as I dare aspire
 To be the *Sancho* of some Country 'Squire.
 My Caslock's rusty; and my tatter'd Gown
 Looks better when tuck'd up, than dangling down.
 'Tis *bare Need* makes me write, while others puke,
 With chaff Sir *Billy*, or *N---le's* Duke.
 Thus some the Dust, and some do Spittle lick,
 And caper nimbly o'er Sir *R---t's* Stick.
 Passive as Birds, they tune their Hackney Throats,
 Not to their own, but to his Honour's Notes.
 This Day the Emperor, the next the Devil,
 Shoals of Excisemen, and the Peace of *S---l*.

GRIFFITH

PERSIUS & MONITOR.

^bP. **O** *Curas hominum ! O quantum est in rebus inane !*

M. *Qui leget hæc ?* P. *Min' tu istud ais ?*

M. *Nemo hercule.* P. *Nemo ?*

M. *Vel duo, vel---* P. *Nemo.* M. *Turpe & Miserabile.*

P. *Quare ?*

*Ne mihi Polydamas, & Troiades Labeonem
Prætulerint ? Nugæ. Non si quid turbida Roma
Elevet, accedas ; examenve improbum in illa
Castiges trutina : nec te quæstiveris extra.*

*Nam Romæ est quis non ? At, si fas dicere : sed fas
Tunc, cum ad caniciem & nostrum istud vivere triste
Aspexi, & nucibus facimus quæcunque relictis,
Cum sapimus patruos : tunc, tunc, ignoscite.* M. *Nolo.*

P. *Quid faciam ? sed sum petulanti splene cachinno.
Scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,
Grande aliquid, quod pulmo animæ prælargus anhelet.
Scilicet hæc populo, pexusque togaque recenti,
Et natalitia tandem cum sardonycæ albus,
Sede legens celsa, liquido cum plasmate guttur
Mobile collueris, patranti fractus oculo.*

Heic,

GRIFFITH MORGAN D'ANVERS and
Mr. Orator *HENLEY*.

^b*D.* **H**OW ripe for Ruin is the present Age !

H. Gravely remark'd; but, Brother, I presage,
You'd better try to hide your Gall, and Preach
To such plain Folks as say, *how well you Teach.*
Your Betters always at poor *Welshmen* jeer,
And scarce vouchsafe such Wretches half an Ear.
Parsons in shining Gowns and Cassocks drest,
Write Panegyricks on them, do their best
To please ; and will you Satyrise ? A Jest !

D. Let these obtain the Lawn, and never fail,
When Peers debate, to sink the guilty Scale.
No Hopes, no Fears, shall taint a *British* Mind,
And there, if not abroad, I'll Pleasure find.

Sir, Hur's near Forty, Hur hath Right to speak,
And will, lest Silence burst Hur, Silence break.

O—*m*—*n*'s Verse and Prose, such sorry Stuff
Goes down at present, and the R—g—e looks bluff,
By Rakes and Atheists of the Town admir'd,
By Treason and by Blasphemy inspired.

G—*rd*—*n* with impious Jokes and saucy Airs,
Laughs at the Church's Creeds, her Fasts and Pray'rs.

Heic, neque more probo videas, neque voce serena
Ingentes trepidare Titos, cum carmina lumbum
Intrant, & tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu.
Tun' vetule auriculis alienis colligis escas?
Auriculis, quibus & dicas cute perditus, obe!
Quo didicisse, nisi hoc fermentum, & quæ semel intus
Innata est, rupto jecore exierit caprificus?
En Pallor, seniumque! O mores! usque adeone
Scire tuum, nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter?
At pulchrum est digito monstrari, & dicier hic est.
Tun' cirratorum centum dictata fuisse
Pro nihilo pendes? Ecce inter pocula quærent
Romulide saturi, quid dia poemata narrent.

Heic aliquis, cui circum humeros hyacinthia lena est,
Racidulum quiddam balba de nave locutus,
Phyllidas, Hippipylas, vatium & plorabile si quid
Eliquat, & tenero supplantat verba palato.
Affensere viri. Nunc non cinis ille poetæ
Felix? Non levior cippus nunc imprimit ossa?
Laudant Convivæ:—Nunc non e manibus illis,

Nunc

The Sacred Trinity burlesqu'd by *Po—et*,
 With Insolence unheard goes off for Wit.
 Grown old in Vice, its Paths they dauntless tread,
 And do Sir *Br—z—n*'s dirty Work for Bread.
T—nd—l th' Apostate, Scandal of the Laws,
 From every Nest of Fops fresh Converts draws.
 Old bawdy *M—nd—v—lle* extolls the Stews,
 And cries, for want of Wickedness we lose.
 Who can be wickedest Men seem to strive,
 Since *H—d—gre* and other Pimps are seen to thrive.
 Awake *Roscommon*, *Addison* and *Steel*,
 And let these harden'd guilty Wretches feel
 Your sharpest Edge ; let them distinguish'd be,
 By everlasting Marks of Infamy :
 Altho' young Lords and Fops may like them best,
 And, like their Fathers, love a filthy Jest,
 Commend the Poet with a snuffing Voice,
 By whose Instructions Whores became their Choice,
 And feelingly repeat a smutty Rhime,
 That doth with *Chloe*, or with *Phyllis* chime.
 Ye tender Virgins, whose soft Bosoms glow
 With Pity for the Swain, by Death laid low,
 Forbear to deck the Graves of Bards obscene,
 Which hide the Carcases of Beasts unclean ;
 Tho'

*Nunc non e tumulo, fortunataque favilla
Nascentur viole ?*

^c *M. Rides (ait) & nimis uncis
Naribus indulges. An erit, qui velle recuset
Os populi meruisse ? & cedro digna locutus,
Linquere nec scombros metuentia carmina, nec thus ?*

*P. Quisquis es, O, modo quem ex adverso dicere feci,
Non ego, cum scribo, si forte quid aptius exit,
Quando hæc rara avis est, si quid tamen aptius exit,
Laudari metuam : neque enim mihi cornea fibra est :
Sed recti finemque extremumque esse recuso
Euge tuum & Belle : nam Belle hoc excute totum ;
Quid non intus habet ?*

*Non hic est Ilias Atti
Ebri veratro : non si qua Elegidia crudi
Dictarunt procures : non quicquid denique lectis
Scribitur in citreis.*

*Calidum scis ponere fumen ;
Scis comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna :
Et, verum, inquis, amo, verum mihi dicito de me.
Qui pote ? vis dicam ? nugaris cum tibi calve,
Pinguis aqualiculus propenso sesquipede extet.*

^d *O Jane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinxit,
Nec manus auriculas imitata est mobilis albas,*

Nec

Tho' Fools embroider'd praise them to the Sky,
And fly led Captains echo to the Cry.

'But tho' from *W—p—le's* Gold and Coxcomb's Praise,
Some worthless Scriblers have usurp'd the Bays;

And tho' these paltry Nothings I deride;

Yet I as much abhor a Cynick's Pride.

I no Rewards or Commendations shun

From Men of Understanding fairly won.

Lines which good Criticks from the Grocer spare

I'd gladly write, but modestly beware,

Left love of Praise should influence too much,

As vile Self-interest always does the *Dutch*.

But let me never tease and press my Friend

To give his Judgment, which at last must end

In Words to this effect: Your Belly's full

As big as * *Hurlo's*, and your Head as dull.

^d Who tho' two Faces lately said to wear,

Wants Eyes behind to see his Readers sneer,

And mimick with their Skirts an Ass's Ear;

How at each Flaw their scoffing Tongues they loll,

Like Dogs that for a Bitch in Summer stroll.

* Author of some flattering fulsome Poems on a certain great Man.

D

You

Nec linguae, quantum ftiat canis Apula, tantum !

^e Vos, O patricius sanguis, quos vivere fas est

Oscipiti cæco, posticæ occurrere sanæ.

Quis populi sermo est ? Quis enim ? Nisi carmina molli

Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve severos

Effundat junctura ungues. Scit tendere versum

Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.

Sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia regum,

Dicere res grandes nostro dat musa Poetæ.

^f Ecce modo Heroas sensus afferre videmus

Nugari solitos Græcæ, nec ponere lucum

Artifices ; nèc rus saturum laudare, ubi corbès,

Et focus, & porci, & fumosa Palilia fæno :

Unde Remus, sulcoque terens dentalia, Quinti,

Quem trepida ante boves Dictatorem induit uxor,

Et tua aratra domum Dictor tulit : Euge Poeta.

^g Est nunc, Brisai quem venosus liber Acci,

Sunt quos Pacuviusque, & verrucosa moretur

Antiopa, erumnis cor lactificabile, fulta.

Hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos

Cum videas, quærisne, unde hæc sartago loquendi

Venerit in linguas ? unde istud dedecus, in quo

Trossulus exultat tibi per subsellia lævis ?

^h Nilne pudet, capiti non posse pericula cano

Pellere, quin tepidum hoc optes audire : decenter !

^e You that at Balls and Bagnio's spend the Night,
And snore till Noon, and yet pretend to write,
Mix with Sir *Billy's* Cant a little Sense;
We can't with nothing else but Froth dispense*.

^f I laugh when some poor little Sonneteer,
Whom Lads and Lasses at a Country Fair
Would hardly listen to, great *Marlbro'* † brings
Upon the Stage; Sieges and Battels sings.

^g Some *Cibber's* Works peruse, and some rehearse
Thy Flights || *Blancofo* in *Miltonick* Verse.
No wonder therefore, if the younger Fry,
Unable to distinguish, read and try
To write pert Nonsense, like the *London* Spy.

^h To flourish at the Bar when Crimes appear,
And, like the *South-Sea* Dons, ones Judges jeer,
Ill suits as much as Songs from him that begs,
And needs, or feigns to need, two wooden Legs.

* This Gentleman hath a very pretty Knack of saying nothing in Speeches of two Hours long.

† See the many wretched Compositions upon the Actions of this great General.

|| See the *Art of Sinking* by Dean *Swift* and Mr. *Pope*, Pag. 41, 42.

A witty

*Fur es, ait Pedio : Pedius quid ? Crimina rasis
 Librat in antithetis : Doctas posuisse figuras
 Laudatur. Bellum hoc. Hoc bellum ? An, Romule, ceves ?
 Men' moveat quippe, & cantet si naufragus, assem
 Protulerim ? Cantas cum fracta te in trabe pictum
 Ex humero portes ? Verum, nec nocte paratum
 Plorabit, qui me volet incurvasse querela.*

ⁱ *Sed numeris decor est, est junctura addita crudis :
 Claudere sic versum didicit, Berecynthus Attin,
 Et qui cæruleum dirimebat Nerea Delphin,
 Sic, costam longo subduximus Appennino :
 Arma virum, nonne hoc spumofum & cortice pingui ?
 Ut ramale vetus prægrandi subere coctum.
 Quidnam igitur tenerum, & laxa cervice legendum ?
 Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
 Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
 Bassaris, & lyncem Mænas flexura corymbis,
 Evion, ingeminat : reparabilis adsonat Echo.*

^k *Hæc fierent, si testiculi vena ulla paterni
 Viverit in nobis ? summa delumbe saliva
 Hoc latat in labris : & in udo est Mænas & Attys :
 Nec pluteum cædit : nec demorsos sapit ungues.*

^l *M. Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere vero
 Auriculas ? Vide sis, ne majorum tibi forte
 Limina frigescant—Sonat hic de nare canina
 Litera. P. Per me equidem sint omnia protinus alba.
 Nil moror : Euge. Omnes, omnes bene miræ eritis res.
 Hoc juvat.*

Hic, inquis, veto, quisquam faxit oletum.

Limina

; A witty Turn of Fancy, or a Pun,
 Pleases me well enough, if cleanly done,
 And not too often ; but I hate the Lyre
 Should ev'ry now and then some *Phyllis* fire,
Amby's * soft Jigs and Jingles quickly tire.
 He that describes the killing of a Calf,
 In sounding pompous Words makes wise Men laugh ;
 Tho' lofty Strains do *Virgil's* Pen employ,
 When the great Poet sings the Siege of *Troy* †.

^k Surely since *Frenchmen*, like a mighty Flood,
 O're-spread the Land, there's no true *British* Blood,
 Or very little left : Such paltry Strains,
 As now appear, belie our Father's Reins ;
 So void of Sense, so like a *Monseur's* Treat
 Of Mushrooms, Onions, Garlick, but no Meat.

^l *H.* Well said, I' faith ! a *Welshman* too and poor !
 No snarling rough-hewn Priest a great Man's Door
 Must think to enter ; none but Courtiers there
 Will like an Orator or Poet fare.

^m *D.* I'll alter then my Note, since you think fit,
 And say *Cyrenius* is himself a Wit.
 I'll make my Congees to his Hackney Crew,
 And swear their Pensions are in Justice due.
 With Whip and Cane those naughty Boys I'll chase,
 That dare to draw their Baubles in that place,

* *Ambrose Philips*, Esq;

† See the *Rhodomontades* of Mr. Orator *Henley*, 'Squire *Walsingham*, and Sir R— W—

Pinge duos angues ; pueri, sacer est locus : extra A.
Mejite : discedo.

Secquit Lucilius urbem.

Te, Lupe ; te, Muti ; & genuinum fragit in illis.
Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit,
Callidus excusso populum suspendere vase :
— o Men' mutire nefas, nec clam, nec cum ferobe ?

M. Nusquam.

P. Hic tamen infodiam. Vidi, vidi ipse, libelle :
Auriculas asini quis non habet ? — Hoc ego apertum,
Hoc ridere meum, tam nil, nulla tibi vendo
Iliade. — Audaci quicumque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum senè palle
Adspice & hæc, si forte aliquid decoctius audis :
Inde vaporata lector mihi ferveat auna.
Non hic, qui in crepidas Graionum ludere gessit
Sordidus, & lusco qui possit dicere, Lusce :
Sese aliquem credens, Italo quod honore supinus
Fregerit heminas Areti Edilis iniquas :
Nec qui abaco numeros, & secto in pulvere metas
Scit risisse vafer, multum gaudere paratus,
Si Cynico barbam petulans Nonaria vellat
His mane edictum, post prandia Callirhoen de.

Which wears the Title-Page of any 'Squire,
Or Nick-nam'd Scoundrel whom he deigns to hire.

° But Sir *Poor Bickerstaff* bad Writers stript
Of Tinsel Ornaments, bad Poets whipt
With Rods of Steel: And thou, *Dan Pope*, the Ghost
Of † *Homer* and of *Horace*, try'd to roast,
And roastedst well the Witlings of our Isle,
Who can the *Dunciad* read without a Smile?
But thou art rich, and when thou grin'st canst please.

° Well, then in private I'll make bold to ease
My swelling tortur'd Spleen; my bridl'd Spite
Shall tear some Trifler's Works whene'er I sh—te.
And when Gold-Finders cleanse the sinking Vault,
They'll guess from such a Punishment the Fault.
This I prefer to fulsome flattering Lies,
And making Virtue fall a Sacrifice;
Because the Poet loves his Paunch to cram
With Dainties, and his Doxy loves a Dram.
I don't expect, nor do I wish to see
That such among my Readers number'd be
Who laugh at learned honest Poverty.
Nor young pert Justices, nor *London* Beaux,
Nor Midnight Rakes, nor batter'd Boutefeux:
Nor wrangling Barristers, that from the Bench
Go home and dine, and then pick up a Wench.

† See the *Art of Politicks*, and *Man of Taste*, by *Anonymus*.

Which wears the Title-Page of any's spine,
 Or Nick-nam'd Scoundrel whom he deigns to hint.
 " But Sir Poor Bickerstaff, bad Writers trip
 Of Tinsel Ornaments, bad Poets whip
 With Rods of Steel: And thou, Daw Foot, the Ghost
 Of † Homer, and of Aeneas, try'd to roast,
 And roastedst well the Writings of our Ills.
 Who can the Duncin read without a Smile?
 But thou art rich, and when thou grin'st canst please.
 " Well, then in private I'll make bold to ease
 My swelling tortur'd spleen; my bridl'd spleen
 Shall tear some Trifler's Works whence'er I sh—te
 And when Gold-Finders cleanse the sinking Vault,
 They'll gues from such a Punishment the Fault.
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 Go home and dine, and then pick up a Wench.

† See the Art of Politics, and Men of Taste, by Anonymous.

F I W I S